

A

REVIEW

OF THE

STATE

OF THE

BRITISH NATION.

Thursday, March 27. 1707.

IT may perhaps be thought by some People, a Digression too remote to my present Pursuit of the Union of Nations, when I launch out too far into the Crimes of a Party; but if I am carry'd into Extremes, when the Memory of King *William* is touch'd, I am altogether careless of making an Excuse, and I acknowledge my self less Master of my Temper in that Case, than in any thing I can be touch'd in besides.

The Memory of that Glorious Monarch is so dear, and so valuable in the Hearts of all true Protestants, that have a Sense both of what they escap'd, and what they enjoy by his Hand, that 'tis difficult to retain any Charity for their Principles, that can forget the Obligation; his Name is a Word of Congratulation, and the immortal Memory of King *William* will be a Health, as long as

Drinking Health's is suffer'd in this Part of the World.

Let the ungrateful Wretch, that forgets what GOD wrought by his Hand, look back upon Popery coming in like a Flood, Property trampled under Foot, all Sorts of Cruelties and Butcheries fell in Practice in *Scotland*, and approaching in *England*! Let them review the Insolence of the Soldiery, the Inveteracy of the Court-Party, the Tyranny, Perjury and Avarice of Governours, and at the Foot of the Account let them write, *Deliver'd by King William*.

Then let them look back on the Prince, how great, how splendid, how happy, how rich, how easie, and how justly vallued both by Friends and Enemies; he liv'd before in the Field glorious, fear'd by the Enemies of his Country, lov'd by the Soldiery, a vast Inheritance of his own, Governour of a rich State,

State, blest'd with the best of Comforts, and as far as this Life could give, perfectly and compleatly happy.

Compare this with the gawdy Crown, we pretend, we gave him a Trifle, had there a visible Scheme lay with it, or all the Uneasinesses, Dangers, Crosses, Disappointments, Hurries and dark Prospects, which that Prince found with it, no wise Man would have taken it up off of the Dunghill, or come out of a Jayl to be Master of it.

In Council how was he constantly betray'd, in Treaty bought and sold, in Action abandon'd, in Treasure disappointed, in Reputation slander'd, in Expeditions delay'd, in his Trusts abus'd, in Recommendations impos'd upon, and in Expectations deceiv'd?

How were the Funds, we furnish'd him with, scandalously deficient, their Time late, the End base, and the Means ridiculous? How was he sent to War without Armies, and his Armies without Pay? How was he continually baulk'd and trepann'd in all his Measures, by foolish, false, ignorant or treacherous Friends, more than powerful Enemies?

How did he fight for us, and we rail at him? How did he waste his own Patrimony in the expensive War he undertook in the Defence of Religion and Liberty, and yet we murmur at him, as if all the Money had been given to himself? What ill Language! What daily Rudeness did he receive here from those, that durst not show their Faces with him, or venture like him on a Country, that indeed he was no way in debt to?

Who can look back on these things without Regret, when they hear insulting Devils affront the Memory of a Man, that liv'd but for them, and for 13 Year liv'd in Torture under their constant Murmurs and ungrateful Reproaches; that were sav'd by him, and then like a Snake hiss'd at, and spit in the Face of their Benefactor?

Unhappy *English men*! Is this the Man you reproach? — Had he any Failing, but that he bore too much with the most barbarous Usage in the World? Had he not the most Merit and the worst Treatment, that ever King in *England* met with?

And now to come to the Particular, see, Ingratitude pursues him beyond the Grave,

not content to have given a mortal Stabb to all his Enjoyments; here they are for carrying on the Murder to his good Name, in which I can see no Flaw, save that he had the Misfortune to find more *Judas's* than one, to every twelve that attended him.

Is a Man knighted and then made a Lord, is he loaded with Honours, put into Places, has he the King's Ear, and eats his Bread; Expect this shall be one of the first, that shall fly in his Face? Expect, this shall tell you, who was not requited for their extraordinary Service at *Londonerry* — But never a Word, who were over-rewarded for the same Occasion, expect their own Crimes at the Time of his Government all laid at his Door, and his injur'd Reputation making Amends for the seeming Loss of their own.

Prodigious Ingratitude! Can't thou not, O Man, be content to be advanc'd without Merit, but thou must repine at them, that another time have Merit without Reward — To such I would recommend to consider their own Value, as not the least Instance of the King's Misfortune; how he had honest Men misrepresented, and Knaves mis-commended?

Who can look back on those Days without Horror, when we consider even those, that he hazarded all to defend flying in his Face, because they are not sufficiently rewarded, and their fancied Merit not enough taken Notice of; or in *English*, because he did not give them the Wealth and Blood of the Nation, satisfy their Avarice on one hand, and their Revenge on the other.

I am loth to bring to Memory, what I wish had never been true; and what to say, is a Satyr upon the very *English Nation*; but

Difficile est Satyram non scribere.

Juvenal, Lib. 1.

I confess, my Blood boils at the Thoughts of it, and I can less contain the just Resentment in this, than in any thing before me.

Who can hear Men tell us, they help'd to make him King, and were not consider'd for it — You help'd to make him King, pray, what Merit do you plead, and from whom was the Debt? You help'd to make him

him King, that is, you help'd to save your Country, and ruin him ! You help'd to recover your own Liberties, and that of your Posterity, as you ought to have been blasted from Heaven if you had not, and now you claim Rewards from him ! I'll tell you how he rewarded you fully, he rewarded you by sacrificing his Peace, his Comforts, his Fortunes, and his Country to support you; he dy'd a thousand times in the Chagrin, Vexation and Perplexity, he had from the Unkindness and Treachery of his Friends, and the numberless Hazards of the Field against the Enemy.

And yet all would not satisfy a craving Generation, an insatiable Party, who thought all the Taxes rais'd for the War, given not to the Nation, but to the King, and endeavour'd to blot the best Character

in the World, with the Crimes of those they themselves recommended to him to trust.

Who could read a Poem call'd the Foreigners, written on purpose to insult his Person without a just Indignation; wherein not his Person only, and Nation, but his Character and Morals are insolently abus'd?

Who can hear printed Speeches reproach him with Breach of Faith, without just Reflections on this, that he only too much favour'd the Wretches that abuse him?

Is this a short Essay, Expect, Gentlemen, to be more surpriz'd in my next, when I may give you the History, who he trust'd, who betray'd him, why he employ'd Tories and High-Flyers, and the like, for which these People abuse him; mean time accept of the following Repetition of what, in the Sence of these things I told you long ago.

*With what Contempt will Englishmen appear,
When future Ages read his Character?
They'll never bear to hear in Time to come,
How he was lov'd Abroad and scorn'd at Home.
The World will scarce believe it cou'd be true,
And Vengeance must such Insolence pursue:
Our Nation will by all Men be abhor'd,
And WILLIAM's juster Fame be so restor'd.
Posterity, when Histories relate,
His glorious Deeds, will ask, What Gyant's That!
For common Vertues may Men's Fame advance,
But an immoderate Glory turns Romance.
It's real Merit does it self undo,
Men talk it up so high, it can't be true;
So William's Life encreast by doubling Fame,
Will drown his Actions to preserve his Name;
The Annals of his Conduct they'll revise,
As Legends of Impossibilities:
'Twill all a Life of Miracles appear,
Too great for him to do, or them to bear;
And if some faithful Writer should set down,
With what uneasiness he wore the Crown,
What thankless Diuel had the Land possess'd,
This will be more prodigious than the rest;
With Indignation 'twill their Minds inspire,
And raise the Glory of his Actions higher:*